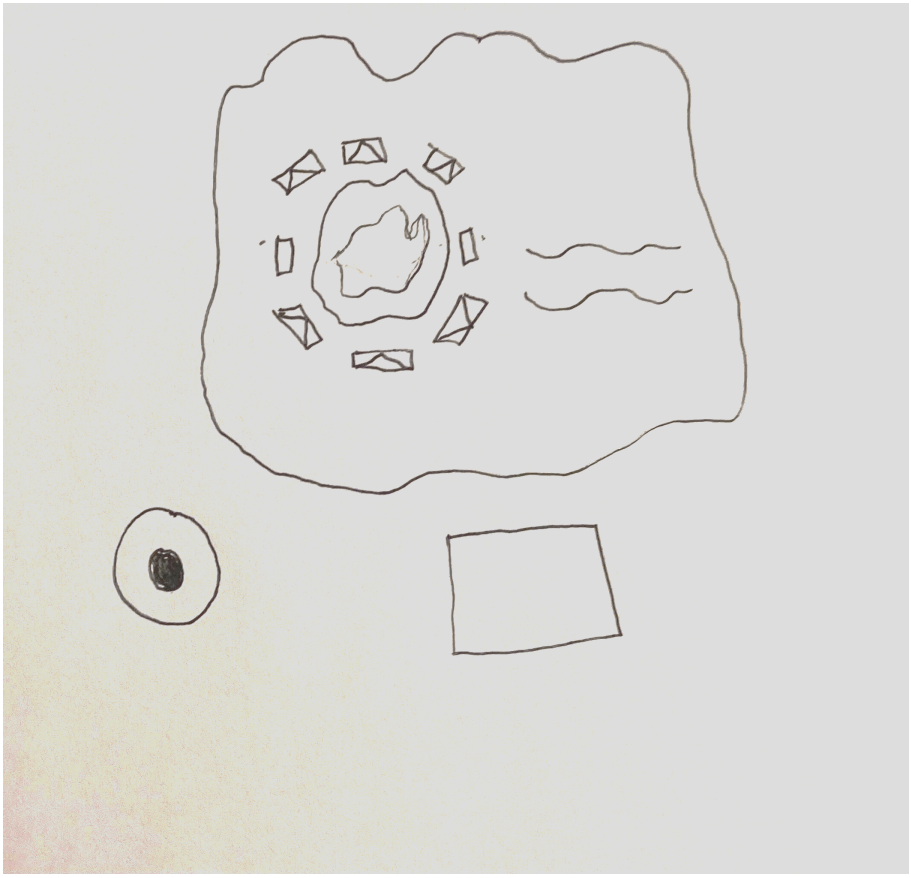
Ibid



By Laura Johnson

I AM A MIRROR
THIS UTTERANCE ECHOES
AND IT IS CLEAR, OR ALMOST
YOU HAVE FED ME
INEXHAUSTIBLE PLEASURE
AND MY DESIRE IS HOT
BUT FASCISM IS ALMOST HERE
SOME SAY IT IS ALREADY
AND INDEED IT'S LIKE THAT
FOR A LOT OF FOLKS

FASCISM IS HERE
BECAUSE "WE'RE HERE TO HELP"
AND THEN A KILLING
FASCISM IS HERE
BECAUSE THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE
ARE MAKING US ALL ADAPT
WITH NARCISSIST AND EMPATHIC PARTS
OF US.
WE'RE JUST GOING TO GET OVER THE HUMP
AS ANOTHER LEG FALLS OFF
FASCISM IS CURIOUS
IT IS LIKE THE BOTTOM FEEDER
COMPONENTS OF THE ANIMUS
COLORFUL AND BELLIGERENT
HOW DO YOU THINK PLATO

SAW THE FIGURE OF
THE TYRANT?
IT'S IN US. I SAW THAT STEVEN TRIMMER
HAD TRUMPIAN TENDENCIES BUT
THEN I SAW MY OWN
BECAUSE I HAD WOUNDS THAT
WOULD NOT HEAL
AS THE SALT GOT POURED INTO THEM
FASCISM IS AT THE DOORSTEP
BUT AMERICA WILL ALWAYS PROVIDE
A CONCESSION STAND AND WAYS
TO MAKE COUNTERFEITS
THOUGH GOOD LUCK
IF YOU GET CAUGHT

LET YOURSELF BE
HOLLOWED OUT BY GOD
CHOOSE THE SYNTAX OF YOUR MIRACLE
UNDERSTAND THAT THIS TOO WILL BE HARD
ROLL IN THE GRASS
THIS SHOULD ALL BE ACCESSIBLE TO ALL
HOLY MATRIMONY OF A KISS AND A FRAGMENT
YOU ARE
INDESCRIBABLE AT A GLANCE
YOU COULD RISE
IN THE MORNING
IN THE PARKING LOT
A FIRE BURNING
FLANKED AND OUTLINED
BY STOLEN BRANCHES, FLOATING
YOU COULD DEFINE THE HEX
BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT OVERCOMING IT

I STEPPED OUTSIDE
BUT I STEPPED BACK IN
THE GREEN WAS BEAUTIFUL
I SAW THE INTERACTIONS BETWEEN
LIFE, AND DECIDED I WASN'T ABOUT
TO PURCHASE SOMETHING TO FUCK UP
MY BRAIN. THERE ARE WAYS TO INSCRIBE
ON THE CARPET IF YOU KNOW HOW,
THOUGH I SULK LIKE EVERYONE ELSE

WHAT HUDDLED DEVILS
CROWD IN THE PLAYING FIELD
EVEN THE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF IT
WEIGHS UPON ONE
WHO CAN NO LONGER SHRUG POLITICS OFF
BECAUSE IT DIRECTLY CONCERNS THEM
I PASTE THE HOURS IN LAMINATED ECHOES
THERE IS A THUD AND A REDEMPTION
AND I SAY THAT JUST TO SAY IT
I AM NO MODICUM

I'M RIDING THE LIGHTNING CABOOSE
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE RUNGS, THE NOTCHES ARE
THEY REVEAL THEMSELVES IN TIME
THOUGH AS A COLOR
OR AS A NUGGET OF LYRIC
A LOT HAS HAPPENED IN THE PAST TWO

YEARS. I GOT STUNG BY
AN INVISIBLE BEE
A CRATER REVEALED ITSELF
COARSE TIME WAS SADDLED
BY ITS MIRROR

IMAGE.

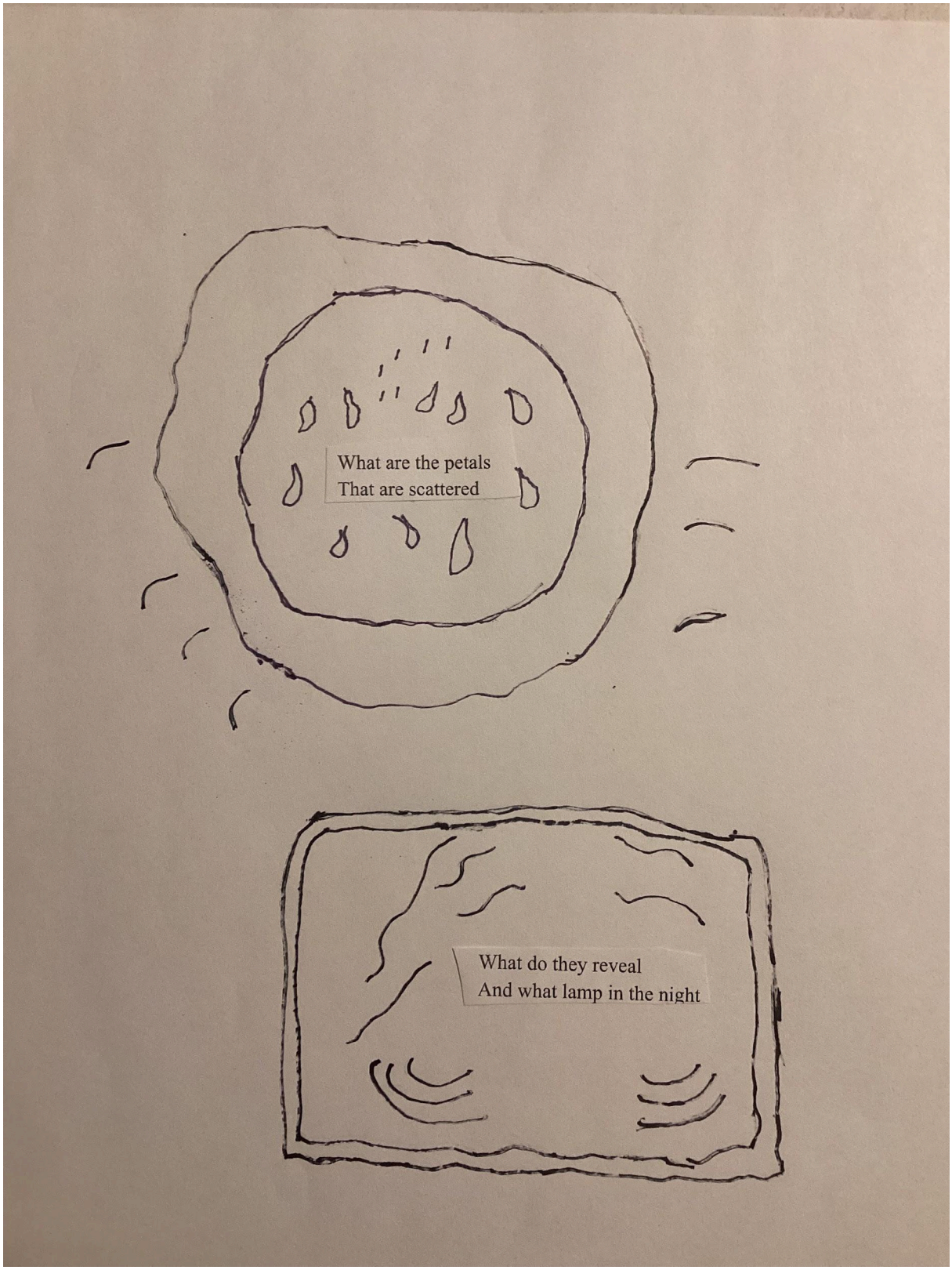
IT'S ACIDIC AND SALTY,
WHAT CAME UP.
LIKE AN ICE FLOE GOING IN

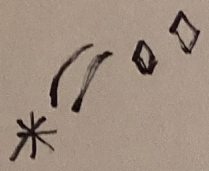
THE WRONG

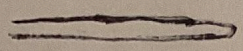
DIRECTION. A SOCK KNIT
FOR NO ONE
YOUR AFFECTION IS TRUE
BUT SO GOES THE WORLD,
IT'S POPULATED AND I SAW YOU GRIMACE
AS I TOLD "WHAT DON VAN VLIET WAS

REALLY LIKE," NOW WE ARE FEATHERS,
NOW YOU ARE PROBABLY SAD. THE DOORWAY IN ALL

OF THIS IS SO NAMELESS
YOU COULD MISS IT

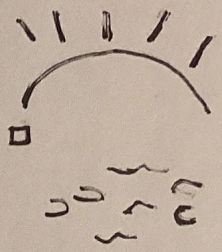

What are the petals
That are scattered
What do they reveal
And what lamp in the night



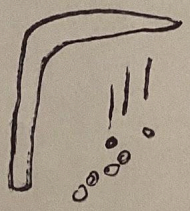


Do they blow

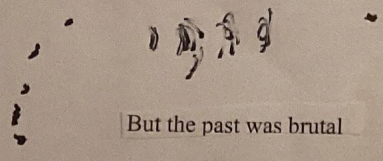
Out? Left on a ledge



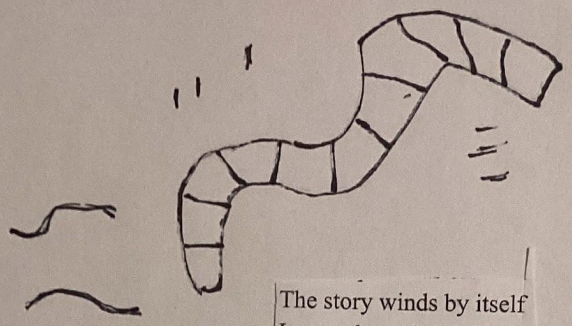
Evidence of perpetration
Amidst beauty



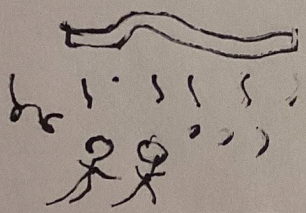
Amidst the perpetration of
All, the drowned crowd
Rising, derelict or not,
Used for a key
But it stands on its own



But the past was brutal



The story winds by itself
It runs through the fabric
Of landscapes
Pastoral and gray
Amidst blue skies
Heightened



Like its captors

The mark, the seed.

THE SAME STALE ADVERTISEMENT
ARRIVES THROUGH FLIRTING
WHEN MEN FLIRT WITH ME NOW
IT SEEMS LIKE THE SAME THING AS BEFORE
WHEN FLIRTING WAS THRUST AT ME
AS A CURRENCY I WAS IMMEDIATELY AT FAULT
FOR NOT DOING, BUT IT HAD TO DO WITH WOMEN
I THINK INCELS ARE FEELING GASLIT BY A RAPE
CULTURE THAT HASN'T WORKED FOR THEM
I THINK A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE ARE INCELS
WHO MANAGED TO GET LAID
THRUST AT ME NOW

IS A SOCIETY THAT HAS CRITIQUED RAPE CULTURE
BUT IS WITNESSING ITS OWN DISINTEGRATION
AND SO ACCORDING TO X, THE BIRD
APP, IT WOULD SEEM EVERYONE IS A GLANS
OR CLIT HEAD
MONEY SHOTS EVERYWHERE
LADDER CLIMBING EVERYWHERE
WHAT KIND OF UNFOLDING IS THIS
ERIC CLAPTON SINGING "IF I
COULD CHANGE THE WORLD"

I FEEL A WHOLE
BUNCH OF MESSED UP
AFTER THAT GRAVEL-

LADEN DISASTER
THAT SENT ME BACK
A SHUTTLE DRIVER WHO MANAGED TO
GET MY DEADNAME OUT OF ME AND PUT ME
IN A PLACE EMOTIONALLY OF A FIVE YEAR OLD
WHY DID I GET IN? BECAUSE I WAS HOT AND SICK
OR FEELING SO. THE TESTS CAME BACK NEGATIVE
BUT I NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH
I'M SUPPOSED TO DESTROY

MY NASAL CAVITY
TO GET A CLEAR

READ, OH YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN
THE WISTFULNESS
OF THE OLDER MAN, WITH JEWISH VIBES
WHO HAD A HARVARD UNIVERSITY TOTE BAG
AND THE OVERLOOKING CLOUDS ON
THE WAY HOME

From Erich Fromm's Escape From Freedom

life. If the Kaiser could be publicly ridiculed, if officers could be attacked, if the state had to change its form and to accept "red agitators" as cabinet ministers and a saddle-maker as president, what could the little man put his trust in? He had identified himself in his subaltern manner with all these institutions; now, since they had gone, where was he to go?

The inflation, too, played both an economic and a psychological role. It was a deadly blow against the principle of thrift as well as against the authority of the state. If the savings of many years, for which one had sacrificed so many little pleasures, could be lost through no fault of one's own, what was the point in saving anyway? If the state could break its promises printed on its bank notes and loans, whose promises could one trust any longer?

It was not only the economic position of the lower middle class that declined more rapidly after the war, but its social prestige as well. Before the war one could feel himself as something better than a worker. After the revolution the social prestige of the working class rose considerably and in consequence the prestige of the lower middle class fell in relative terms. There was nobody to look down upon any more, a privilege that had always been one of the strongest assets in the life of small shopkeepers and their like.

In addition to these factors the last stronghold of middle-class security had been shattered too: the family. The postwar development, in Germany perhaps more than in other countries, had shaken the authority of the father and the old middle-class morality. The younger generation acted as they pleased and cared no longer whether their actions were approved by their parents or not.

The reasons for this development are too manifold and complex to discuss here in detail. I shall mention only a few. The decline of the old social symbols of authority like monarchy and state affected the role of the individual authorities, the parents. If these authorities, which the younger generation had been taught by the parents to respect, proved to be weak, then the parents lost prestige and authority too. Another factor was that, under the changed conditions, especially the inflation, the older generation was bewildered and puzzled and much less adapted to the new conditions than the smarter, younger generation. Thus the younger generation felt superior to their elders and could not take them, and their teachings, quite seriously any more. Furthermore, the economic decline of the middle class deprived the parents of their economic role as backers of the economic future of their children.

The older generation of the lower middle class grew more bitter and resentful, but in a passive way; the younger generation was driving for action. Its economic position was aggravated by the fact that the basis for an independent economic existence, such as their parents had had, was lost; the professional market was saturated, and the chances of making a living as a physician or lawyer were slight. Those who had fought in the war felt that they had a claim for a better deal than they were actually getting. Especially the many young officers, who for years had been accustomed to command and to exercise power quite naturally, could not reconcile themselves to becoming clerks or traveling salesmen.

The increasing social frustration led to a projection which became an important source for National Socialism: instead of

There is a husk or honeycomb
that dwells within me
It is filled with light
There is a certain fixity to it.
Not even the No-Self can dismantle it
with a shroud of echoes
There is fixity
but it is a fickle kind
made superior
by being painted over

over and over again
Come join me in this music
It's elaborate
and the music itself dances
Sometimes liturgy
shows up at the door
And a score of hosts
that are echoes but also broken shells
emerge to greet it

Greet and absorb is
the motto in this house

TWO YEARS IN
AND EZRA FURMAN'S "ALL OF US FLAMES"
CONTAINS NOTHING BUT ONE
TEARJERKING BANGER
AFTER ANOTHER
AND THIS IS WINE TO THE KIDDUSH LIPS
AFTER WHICH I
THIRSTED IN THOSE LONG YEARS
CRANED MY NECK TO SEE
THE PATTERNS AND JEWELS
AND STILL WAS LOST AT SEA
EVERYTHING IS SO VIVID NOW
IT'S HARD TO MAKE SUDDEN MOVEMENTS
EVERYTHING ON A SUNDIAL.
A SIGIL
AH, YOUTH

Artificial (feat. Evanora Unlim...
Taraneh

Message from Albert / New...
Albert Ayler

Cars
Gary Numan

Dance Floor
The Apples In Stereo

Anything You Sow
William Onyeabor

One and One
Miles Davis

Heart Love
Albert Ayler

The Fire
Television

WOULD YOU LIKE THERE TO BE
AN ANSWER TO THE FALTERING?
YOU SEE MY EYES FORM
MOVING SIDEWALKS,
SMOOTHNESS FOLLOWS
AND THE PLANTS STILL

STAND UPRIGHT. COLOR LIKE
MAGENTA- JOY OF JELLO
WITH FRUIT, I LIKE IT
BUT IN A WAY WHERE
IMAGINATION EXTENDS

A BRANCH.

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